

Mini Fics

by chasingballoons

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Summary: A selection of small shamy fics based on one-word prompts

1. Cookies

****Cookies****

"Please Amy"

"I don't know Sheldon. It seems weird now"

"I thought you two made up?"

"I suppose we did but it was a bit half-hearted"

"Well maybe this would help?"

Sheldon and Amy stood in his childhood kitchen surrounded by several pots and pans and piles of ingredients.

Amy held one arm with the other and looked doubtful. She was not sure about this.

"Last year you promised you would make Christmas cookies again for me" Sheldon pouted.

"Yeah, well that was before I knew that your grandmother hated me"

"She doesn't hate you" Sheldon sighed and drooped his shoulders.

"She literally admitted, in front of everyone, that she did not like me"

Sheldon frowned. He remembered that day. Meemaw had been very harsh

on Amy.

It was not long before Meemaw herself was standing with them in the kitchen, donned in a frilly apron and wooden spoon in her hand.

"Shelly, you can break the eggs and Amy you can pass me those scales"

Amy sighed to herself under her breath. Sheldon's grandmother had spent the whole of their baking session giving her menial jobs with no real purpose and being passive aggressive.

It bothered Amy. At least she was attempting to break the negative air between them, sadly Meemaw was not making the same effort. However, this was important to Sheldon so Amy decided to just keep on smiling.

Mary walked through the kitchen door and took a long, deep breath, "Mmm! Do I smell Christmas cookies?" she beamed.

"We're helping!" Sheldon grinned, whilst licking batter off a spoon.

"Well, some of us have been helping" Meemaw said bitterly under her breath, yet loud enough for everyone to hear. She shot a sour look at Amy.

Amy furrowed her eyebrows in anger. She had been trying to help but Meemaw had not let her.

The room fell silent. The oven timer bleeped signalling that the first batch of cookies were ready but no one moved to rescue them from the heat of the oven.

Sheldon and Mary watched cautiously as Amy and Meemaw shot daggers at each other.

"I don't like this" Sheldon finally broke. He ran out of the room, tears beading in the corners of his eyes.

Amy looked sheepishly at the ground. Her one aim was to not upset Sheldon but she had failed.

"I should probably go and talk to him" Meemaw began walking towards the door.

"No" Mary held her arm to stop her, "Amy should go"

Amy looked up in shock at Mary before moving her stare to Meemaw, to ask for permission.

Sheldon's grandmother simply nodded.

xxxxxxx

"Sheldon?" Amy knocked on her boyfriend's childhood bedroom door.

Walking in slowly, she guessed that not much had changed. There was

still figurines and collectables lining his shelves and posters hung on his walls.

Sheldon was curled up on his side, lying in bed.

Amy edged closer and sat on the edge.

Sheldon opened his teary eyes and moved his head to rest on her knee.

They sat quietly, Sheldon's tears rolled down his cheeks and left little drops in Amy's skirt.

She stroked his head and held out one of the Christmas cookies.

He took it but did not eat it.

"I just wanted you to get along" he whispered.

"I know. We will, one day. I promise" Amy whispered back.

"Besides" She shifted her position so she was lying on the bed next to him, "It's nice to have a little healthy competition"

Amy turned on her side and looked at her boyfriend. He gave her a small smile before biting half of the cookie and handing the rest to her.

"There is no competition" he murmured through crumbs, "You win"

Amy beamed in response whilst Sheldon wrapped an arm around her.

They lay there peacefully munching on cookies with heads pressed together in a tight embrace.

2. Darlin'

****Sheldon singing Darlin****

Guests were beginning to make their way to bed. The plates were cleared. The dance floor was dispersing.

The wedding was over.

The last few people, including Leonard and Penny, clung to each other for support as they drunkenly fell through the door.

The band finished packing, slowly wheeled out the instruments and now all that was playing was an old CD that was gently humming incomprehensible tunes.

All that was left was the bride and groom.

Sheldon and Amy swayed gently in each other's arms.

Neither wanted this moment to end.

The CD jarred in the player and skipped, however the couple barely

noticed.

They had not noticed the hall clear. They had not noticed the guests leave. They had not noticed anything.

The serenity they lived in now was not easily broken.

That is until a familiar song rattled out of the ageing speakers.

Ohh darlin'

Sheldon's eyes shot open.

"It's back" he whispered.

"What is?" Amy took her head off his shoulder and looked around.

"The song"

The couple broke out of their trance and pulled apart slightly.

"It's in my head again"

"Sheldon, what is? The music is coming from those speakers"

Sheldon seemed to relax a little when we followed Amy's line of vision.

The sound was muffled and hazy but he recognised the tune.

"Do you not like this song?" Amy asked, her head tilted to the side questioningly.

"I love this song. It means the world to me" Sheldon stated.

"Really? 'Cos it kinda sounds like _The Beach Boys_" Amy taunted.

"It is _The Beach Boys_. This song's called Darlin'" Sheldon explained.

"Oh really? And why do you love this song so much Dr Cooper?"

"Well, Mrs Dr Cooper" Sheldon teased with a wiggle of his eyebrows, "This is the song that made me realise how much I love you, get my act together, and get you back. That's why, about two years ago, I knocked on your door"

Amy giggled, "Three times, as always"

The CD player skipped again. The stifled sound from the old speakers was barely audible. Nevertheless, Sheldon and Amy remained in each other's arms and continued to sway gently.

"Sing it to me"

"Here?"

"There's no one around. Come on, please. For me?" Amy fluttered her eye lashes.

Sheldon sighed but took a breath and began humming the words gently.

_ "I was living like half a man
>Then I couldn't love but now I can
You pick me up when I'm
feeling sad
>More soul than I ever had"

Husband and wife wrapped their arms tighter together. Amy placed her head to rest of Sheldon's chest as they continued to sway to the tender sound of his voice.

_ "Oh darlin' "_

3. Make-out

****Make-Out****

Sheldon gently lowered Amy onto the left of the couch.

His left hand trailed up her thigh, stroking the fabric of her skirt between his fingertips.

His other hand wrapped around her back. It pulled her closer into him and held her tight.

Amy rested her own hands against his shoulders and delicately caressed the strong muscles through this thin shirt.

Their lips were sealed and locked. Their tongues playfully danced together. Their eyes were shut tight in bliss.

Within minutes, their breaths were ragged and hurried. Sheldon rearranged his body to be hovering over Amy slightly. She pulled her arms up to close behind his head.

Their lips pressed tighter and tighter, desperately trying to taste one another.

Between breaths, Amy spoke with a deep and coarse voice, "I should get going"

She could see this going further than Sheldon was comfortable with and did not want to put him under any pressure.

"No" he mumbled back, never breaking his lips away from her, "Please stay"

He moved his hands up to her face to gently remove her glasses. They were discarded on the coffee table before the attention was transferred back to the task at hand.

Sheldon's arms moved to tightly hug Amy, one roamed up to the back of her neck to pull her lips closer and tighter into his. He gently

lowered his body over hers and pushed her to lie on the couch.

Suddenly, there was the sound of voices outside.

As the door opened, Sheldon sprung back away from Amy who sat up in her seat.

The pair was flustered and attempted to regain composure as Leonard and Penny waltzed into the apartment.

They both called in greeting and made a fleeting glance at their friends.

Wait. Was Sheldon sat in the middle of the couch? Where were Amy's glasses?

They both turned back to the scene in a double take.

However, upon second glance, everything appeared normal.

Sheldon was in his spot and Amy wore her glasses as usual. They looked at Leonard and Penny with a combination of confusion and vindication, as if they were ready to defend an argument.

Leonard and Penny shrugged before bidding the couple goodnight and retreating back to their bedroom.

That was a close one. Amy took their arrival as a sign that she should leave. They were almost caught.

She began to stand but before she could, Sheldon pounced and locked his lips with hers again, forcing Amy back into her seat.

4. Driving

****Driving****

Amy sat, nervously twiddling her thumbs. She had been anxiously watching the clock ever since Sheldon had walked through the door to leave. She hoped everything was going okay.

He had been so nervous.

Amy was confident that he was perfectly capable of everything required to pass and had assured him as Sheldon tentatively filled out the paperwork. He was still scared.

Hopefully his nerves would not get to him and compromise his performance.

Every time the door opened, Amy sat up and watched as yet another stranger walked past.

Finally, a figure she recognised cautiously strode through the swinging door.

Amy jumped in excitement but soon turned to worry when she saw the look on his face.

It was emotionless. Maybe even disappointed.

"How did it go?" she asked quietly.

Sheldon sighed dramatically and looked down.

"Not good" he shook his head.

Amy caught the slightest glimpse of a smile flash across his lips quickly. His head ducked lower to hide it.

Amy chuckled. She knew what Sheldon was trying to do.

"Oh, that's a shame" she played along, "Never mind, you can try again another time"

Sheldon nodded whilst still looking at the floor to hide his smug smile. Amy was falling for it.

"Shall we get going?" Amy turned to pick up her bag from her discarded chair.

"Not just yet" Sheldon shook his head.

"Why?" Amy feigned confusion.

"I still have to get my picture taken" Sheldon finally let his smile be seen in the hope that Amy would understand what he was saying.

"Sheldon? Is there something you want to tell me?" Amy beamed at him and his attempt to be deceiving and playful.

"I passed!" Sheldon enthusiastically flashed the sheet of paper at her that he had been holding.

"Sheldon, that's wonderful" Amy scanned the document, "I'm so proud of you"

"I'm proud of me too!" Sheldon threw his arms up in the air joyously before lowering them to wrap Amy in a hug.

He nestled his head into her neck and whispered quietly, "But I couldn't have done it without you"

Amy gave him an acknowledging squeeze before releasing, "Come, let's go and get your picture"

Grabbing her hand, Sheldon galloped off eagerly with Amy in tow.

5. Vows

Sheldonâ€|

You opened me into the world.

_When I met you, I'd never been in a relationship, I'd never had a

true friend, I'd never been in love._

Now, I have all of it. And it's all because of you.

You were worth the wait.

You have given me everything and I promise that I will spend the rest of our life together giving you everything in return.

You are the person I want to spend the rest of my life with.

Because I love you.

Sheldon, my partner, my friend, my love.

* * *

><p>Sheldon gulped slowly.<p>

Amy's grip tightened around his hands as she held them.

Looking into her eyes, Sheldon saw that they were glossed over on the brink of tears.

Seeing her in front of him, his eyes began to moisten.

She looked beautiful.

He had almost forgotten the crowd of people sat watching them.

It was only him and Amy.

Gulping again and rubbing his thumb delicately across Amy's hand, Sheldon opened his mouth to speak.

It was his turn.

But as he tried to recite his vows, he stopped.

Amy smiled in comfort.

He was stuck.

This wasn't supposed to happen.

He had memorised this.

Sheldon rapidly lost his hold on Amy's hands and pulled some papers out of the inside pocket of his tuxedo.

In his best hand writing was his vows.

The tears in his eyes blurred his vision, he could barely read the words.

Everyone was waiting in silence.

But there was _eleven _blurry pages here to read.

Clutching the papers to his chest, Sheldon breathed slowly before folding the pages, hiding the words in his creases.

He blinked at looked at Amy.

Soon to be his wife.

* * *

><p>Amyâ€™|

I have my vows prepared.

I had them memorised weeks ago.

But the words have gone.

When I wrote these all that time ago, everyone told me to write what was in my heart.

Write about you.

Write about our future.

Write about our love.

That's what I did.

And, as you can see, it took a long time and a lot of paper.

Because, you see Amy, you have a lot of influence in my heart.

It's rare that I open it up to anyone, but you were the exception.

You are the exception.

I barely realised that I was slowly but surely falling in love with you.

Our vowsâ€™|I'm sorry. I lost the words Amy, I lost my voice, I lost my vision, I lost my confidence.

Because you-, you make me feel so confused.

Stronger yet weaker. Lost yet found. Brave yet cowardly. Wise yet senseless.

_But it's a confusion that I enjoy feeling because I feel it with you. _

Maybe one day I'll read these vows to you, but I don't think they'll have as much power as you do.

You left me breathless, you left me brainless.

Do you see what you have done to me?

Never before has Sheldon Cooper's eidetic memory failed him, unless you are involved Amy Farrah Fowler.

You may say I opened you into the world.

But you, Amy, opened me to love.

And I'm so glad you did.

6. Duvet

Amy woke up shivering.

Her toes curled inwards and she held her hands in tight fists at her cheek in an attempt to keep warm.

Bringing her legs up to her chest and into the foetal position, Amy slowly opened one eye.

Sleeping peacefully opposite her was her boyfriend.

Sheldon was snuggled up comfortably with the duvet held close to his chin. In his sleep he had somehow managed to peel it away from her and wrap himself in warmth, much like a burrito.

Amy smiled to herself and her analogy. Her burrito of a boyfriend did look adorable as he slept. Thin wisps of hair fell down across his forehead, creating a confusing style of bad-boy and innocent cherub.

Amy smirked, she wanted nothing more than to reach out and stroke him, however, her smile soon wore away as another chill tingled down her spine.

Slowly, Amy reached out an arm and exposed it to the cold night air. She took hold of a corner and pulled the duvet back onto her side of the bed.

Sheldon stirred and moaned in his sleep but continued to breathe softly in his slumber.

They always got into bed pressed close together and warm, however, in their sleep, they would move and roll to slowly part their embrace and seek out fresh, cold patches of the bed.

Amy had always felt she slept better when Sheldon's arms were wrapped around her for comfort.

She slid up as close to him as possible and it was not long before she was asleep again.

This time it was Sheldon's turn to wake up as he felt the need to use the bathroom.

He looked over at Amy who had her eyes shut firmly with her body pressed against his. Her breathing was slow and peaceful.

Even in such a small bed, she seemed so far away.

He longed for nothing more than to hold her in his arms and be as close as possible.

However, the benefit of sleeping in his bed rather than hers was that Amy was never that far away.

And neither was the bathroom.

Sighing, he quietly slinked out of bed, careful not to rouse his sleeping girlfriend.

Amy soon became aware that the warm body beside her had gone. Slowly, she reached out and felt for him but sadly, he was not there.

Peeling open one eye-lid, she peered around. The bed was empty and the door was open.

Amy smiled sleepily and brought the duvet up close to her chin. She pulled in the edges with her feet and wrapped it tightly around her legs, cocooning herself within the warmth.

Sheldon, meanwhile, returned from the bathroom only to find Amy curled up with all of the duvet on her side.

He stood over her with his hands on his hips.

Amy opened one eye again and gazed back at him from inside her cocoon.

Neither spoke. The penetrating eye contact between them was enough to communicate.

Sheldon eventually sighed and leant over to Amy's side of the bed.

She struggled and giggled as he tugged the duvet out from underneath her and attempted to pull it back onto his own side.

Amy thrashed under his arms and tried to hit his ticklish spot with her delicate fingers, causing Sheldon to snicker, curl away and lose balance before crashing onto the bed.

The couple lay there panting from laughter and their struggle.

Quietly, Amy pulled the duvet out from underneath herself and pulled it over Sheldon's long frame.

As she stretched over to tuck him in, she felt his rapidly beating chest and kissed him on the nose.

Sheldon's arms wrapped around his girlfriend and pulled her onto his chest.

Amy felt herself rise and fall with his breathing and matched hers to the same rhythm.

"I think you need a bigger bed" Amy whispered.

"But then you'll be further away" he breathed back.

7. Cold Feet

Sheldon lay in bed wide awake.

He could hear Amy's soft, slow breaths and feel her body pressed against his.

Sleep alluded him.

Why?

Because of cold feet.

Both the physical and metaphorical kind.

Lying in bed with Amy had always been comforting to Sheldon, despite the irregularity of her body temperature.

Whilst her top half snuggled up close to him and practically acted as a hot water bottle, her legs tangled with his and completely counteracted the warmth.

Her feet were always so cold.

Usually he did not mind yet tonight he could not help thinking that he would have to live with Amy's cold feet for the rest of his life. They symbolised the fact that life was moving forward and nothing would ever be the same again.

That lead to Sheldon's emotional cold feet.

Tomorrow Leonard was moving out and Amy was moving in.

The prospect of living with together had excited them both ever since Sheldon had asked her a few weeks ago.

However, Sheldon was now scared.

More about the possibility of not seeing Leonard as much, more than anything else.

Sheldon had offered the idea that they simply all live together, however, the young married couple said that they needed space.

Sheldon respected that, he even agreed that he and Amy also needed their own space.

Admittedly, he would prefer to be home alone with Amy than Leonard any day. He and Amy always found something fun and sacrilegious to doâ€|

But this had always been his and Leonard's apartment. This was the end of that era.

Sheldon felt a twinge of anxiety shoot through his chest.

Amy stirred in her sleep and pressed herself closer to him.

Sheldon relaxed. It was as if, even in her sleep, Amy could sense his worry.

Her cold feet slid further up his leg as she curled tight into him.

Sheldon rolled onto his side and watched his sleeping girlfriend. Her lips were pursed as soft breaths escaped through them. Sheldon assumed that very few people could be so seductive in their sleep, but somehow Amy managed it.

Suddenly, her cold feet moved up further as she curled into a tighter ball.

Sheldon took a sharp intake of breath as the chill hit his inner thigh.

He was ashamed to admit that it slightly aroused him. The contrasting temperatures of Amy's body parts were certainly fascinating as well as alluring. She was impossible to resist.

Amy stirred in her sleep again. Sheldon cocked an eyebrow in thought and wondered whether he should give in to his urges. Surely she could not be in that deep a sleep?

Leaning forward, Sheldon delicately pecked Amy's lips repetitively with small kisses in an attempt to wake her.

He felt her slowly smile to his touch and pulled back as she stretched and opened her eyes.

"Hey you" she whispered, "What time is it?"

"Early" Sheldon replied simply before capturing his lips in hers again and moving his body to hover above her.

Sheldon decided that if most nights were as special and tender as the one he had spent with Amy in the early hours of that morning, then he was ready and prepared to move on, despite all the changes.

The thought of living with the woman he loved for the rest of his life was exhilarating.

Even if her feet were cold.

But still, it was with a heavy heart that, the next evening, Sheldon said goodbye and closed the door to 4A as Leonard turned to walk across the corridor with the last box of his items.

Sheldon stared at the door without moving. He felt Amy's presence directly behind him, ready and waiting to comfort and support him, knowing how difficult this must be.

He turned and wrapped his arms around her, burying his face deep into the crook of her neck.

Amy did not say a word, she simply returned his hug.

If anyone could make him feel better, it was her.

Sheldon felt tears welling in the corners of his eyes. Whether it was because Leonard had left; his love for Amy was so overwhelming; or his lack of sleep because of the previous night, he did not know.

However, Sheldon did know that he was happy and content.

Pulling back, he blinked the tears from his eyes and smiled at Amy before taking her hand and leading her over to the kitchen for two mugs of tea.

Changes were always difficult for him to endure but he knew this was the way things were meant to be. He would not be enduring this, he would be living it.

However, it was still nice to have some things the same old way.

It would not be long before Leonard was back with the others for vintage video game night.

End
file.